Photo History

From March 2025

(Volume 187)

Cover Picture

Seen on the foreshore of The Thames. Illustrates typical antisocial attitudes

ROOTS and MEMORIES

I'm just reading a book , a true story, about an English lady who , with her mother dying in hospital, revisits her local village.

She is a country person and her parents were real country folk.

She reminisces about the area with the familiar fields she loves, trees grown large since her childhood, woods where, in her childhood, the gamekeeper reared pheasants to be released later and shot by the organised groups from the 'big house'. The foxhound kennels, now a bijou residence with the SUV outside... and many other almost forgotten childhood memories.

I love to read about them but, in doing so, I am very aware these aren't anyway similar to my childhood memories.

Local churchyard with graves of farm workers that she knew, local shopkeepers, people who worked in the, now long demolished, imposing 'big house' which was replaced by an estate of modern commuter housing.

These were alien memories to me , but I have my own memories.- just totally different ones.

No traditional roots in the local area other than the ones I made for myself.

No generation of established families living where I grew up, and yet everwhere I look, I see my own very personal potent childhood memories.

Memories of my own making and nevertheless very important memories etched into my very being.

Cycling to Hilly Fields and making new trails through the dense undergrowth to find that hidden railway viaduct. Climbing up to the railway line to place pennies on the line, waiting in safety recesses for the slow train to magically flatten our pennies which we hunted for and then proudly retrieved.

Then apprehensively returning home with the knowledge that my parents would have been petrified if they knew what I had been doing.

Memories of Joe, our milkman, taking the hay bag hanging from Soldier's head (his faithful old horse) This allowed him to enjoy the grass on the roadside verges. He munched his way up to Neil's house where the bag was tied back on his head.

The verges have long since been ashphalted over - for convenience.

Hard to believe that our small suburban road had virtually no cars or traffic and we played cricket in the street with many dads enjoying the friendly games.

Snowball fights in those same streets and we all knee the names and families of many of the local people.

Mrs Sheldon opposite, who daily, came out, bucket in hand, to scrape up the milkman's horse manure for her garden rhubarb.

Mr Bone, the headmaster who lived on the corner, allowed me to drive his lovely old Morris car up the alley to his garage. He was a lovely man who even made stilts for Neil and myself. No-one thought it strange that a man should be 'nice' to children ..no ulterior motive other than genuine niceness.

When he died, I paid my respects to his mourning family.

Memories of mum sunbathing in the front garden. Embarrassing , or what. No-one did that...but mum loved the sun..and that was her way and disapproval did not worry her in the slightest.

Dad worked hard and you could set your watch by his Immaculate time keeping.

Cont/d

Cont/d

They were great parents and gave me a happy home and despite (in hindsight) the obvious difficulties in making a living, laughter was still evident and gave me an important goal..namely to provide a happy environment for my future family.

More memories, as I grew older, of the pain and ecstasy of first love.. of our 'gang' of local friends.. We were all so different and yet so similar in the growing pains that gave us the bond of friendship. How we all went out different ways as exams and working life dictated our futures.

Again, looking back, I now realise how different we all were, and yet the friendship of childhood was so vibrant, so important My life had a very important daily routine and ordered dictates of daily life that my parents gave me. Car cleaning for our father's was inspected and no dirt went unnoticed.

Pocket money for these chores was not even discussed. Hearing bugle practice from The Lads Church Parade at St.Stephen's drifted across the gardens on Sunday mornings and Billy Cotton on the radio came from the open doors all around

Looking back with hindsight now allows me to see that my parents were also carving a new unknown life in a totally alien environment but appreciating the chance that this new life was giving them.

Rarely, if ever, did I hear any complaints about being uprooted from a safe, comfortable life in a far-off country and having to make a new life.

No, local generational memories for our family here in this new London suburb.

We made our own mark on our environment and I now realise that my memories are being passed on to my children and grandchildren so they are 'rooted' locally

Lynn and I have made many local friends and acquaintances and somehow love walking locally where people acknowledge us as neighbours, customers, friends, or 'just those people who live locally'

Yes, my parents sometimes reminisced about good times in their original homes, talking about places that sounded exotic and far away, but they never spoke about there with a yearning to return. Thinking about it, it was probably because the bad times were etched into their memories overpowering the good memories.

Lynn and I have made a good and happy real life in our own surroundings here and feel happy in the knowledge that these memories and roots are being passed on to our next generations.

My children often speak about their happy childhood memories as do our grandchildren.

They talk of certain special moments, of the smells of baking bread, of hearing us laughing downstairs and other memories that are so important to them.

This makes me so happy, and is just what I am proud to be a part of.

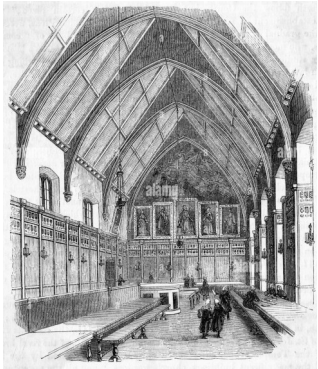
Good memories are so so important.

Everyone needs to feel they 'belong' and that is all we can strive for.

Ralph..April '25..aged 81

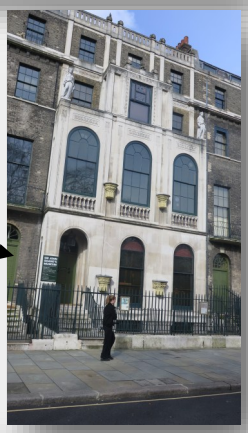
Lynn and I enjoyed a buffet lunch at The Inner Temple in the city. It was like going back in time and the atmosphere, décor and service was really good, as was the food

This painting on the left was very much like reality below



The Inns of Court are a very special part of London and it so great that this whole area has been so well preserved and maintained

Sir John Soames Museum in Lincoln's Inn is also a traditional sight of old London



We even found a 'hidden-away' café with a lawned area in a square close to the various chambers

Beavers have made a remarkable comeback in Enfield after being absent for over 400 years! Thanks to a pioneering project by Enfield Council and Capel Manor College, a pair of Eurasian beavers were reintroduced in 2022 to a specially designed six-hectare enclosure at Forty Hall Farm.

Lynn and I , with other volunteers removed the old creosoted fence panels (which would have been dangerous if chewed by the beavers) plus rolling up the old wire fencing . New deer proof fencing was then erected. This initiative is part of a broader effort to enhance biodiversity and manage natural flood defenses.

Excitingly, the project has been a success, with the beaver family growing to include four new baby kits as of 2024. (Apparently there are now 7!)These industrious creatures are already transforming the area into a thriving wetland ecosystem, benefiting both wildlife and the local community

The new extended area- with the new scrape

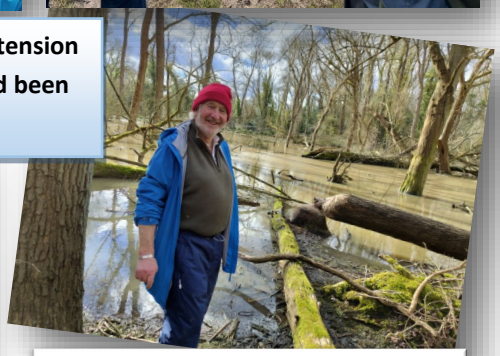
A bundle of slips ready for planting

There were possibly 50 volunteers for the planting (which included many from Capel Manor

Once again, it was in-credibly muddy

Photo History

A grand crowd of volunteers helped with the beaver site extension planting at Forty Hall. Lynn and I remembered how we had been instrumental in preparing the original preparation



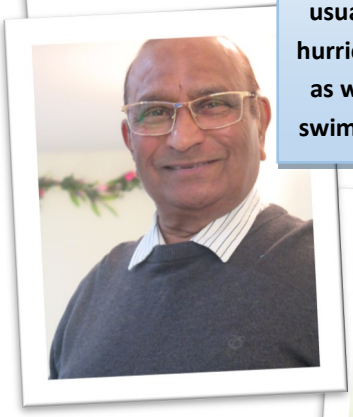
...we know it was you

The Wembley Walk in February 2025..muddy but great

February 2025

Swimmer's coffee morning at Redwoods in Feb '25

It's so great seeing these folk and chatting to them over coffee. It's usually a hurried 'hi' as we all swim daily



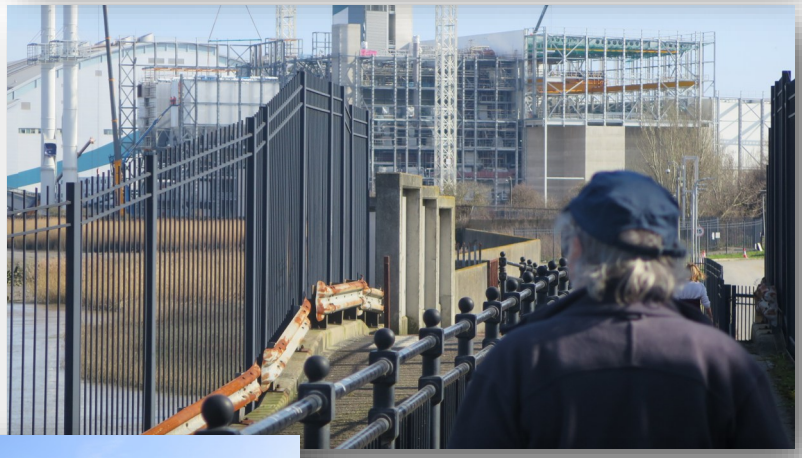
Lynn and I chatted to this guy who had his trailer full of carrots and was feeding his horses. He explained that he was a traveler and the horses were cobbs. These small horses originated from the Romani people of Great Britain, and their unique lineage and breeding practices con tribute to their rarity and are sometimes called Gypsy Vanner horses . The term "cob horse" refers to a horse's body type that can be found in many breeds. With stout legs and sturdy builds, cob horses resemble large ponies . And can live 25 to 30 years. He explained before the land was built on he rode them for miles along the Thames side and he now had just this one are where he rented his grazing. He originally hailed from Montague Road in Edmonton (near my old school) Just chatting to him gave us such an insight into previous generations and life styles

A Thames Path walk with Cyril & Viv around Belvedere and Erith

The walk was so varied and really fascinating. It will look so different in years to come as the land on the North bank was being levelled ready for housing

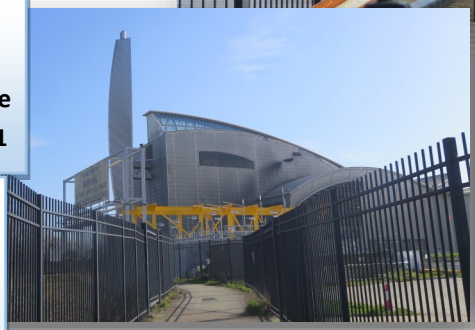
1M THAMESMEAD NORTH
ERITH 3M
MILLENNIUM PROJECT
NATIONAL CYCLE NETWORK
1
The Royal Bank of Scotland
This is one of 1000 milestones funded by The Royal Bank of Scotland to mark the creation of the National Cycle Network

The walk was along the Thames Path with a lot of heavy industry now replaced by waste incineration plants. The whole area has been reclaimed from marshland



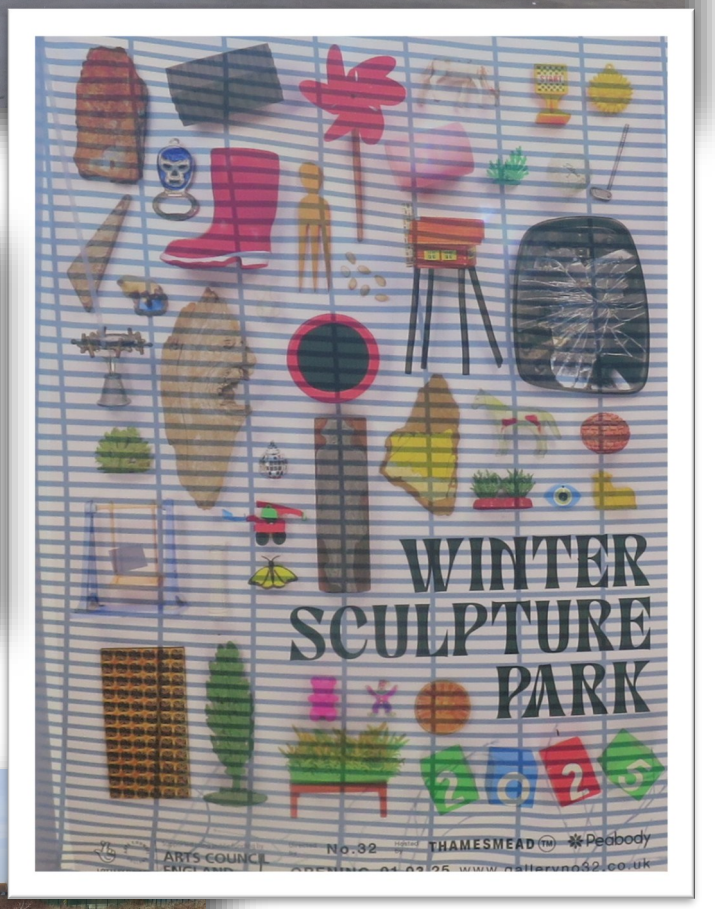
Energy From Waste

We knew nothing about this. Riverside 1 EfW facility began operation in 2011



This Ef2 facility should commence operation in 2026 . Energy from waste facilities process non-recyclable household and commercial waste sanitising it and generating electricity. Habitat enhancement was also apparent with valuable grass-land on the flood bank. It is a massive project

EX
DANGER
Explosive
Atmosphere

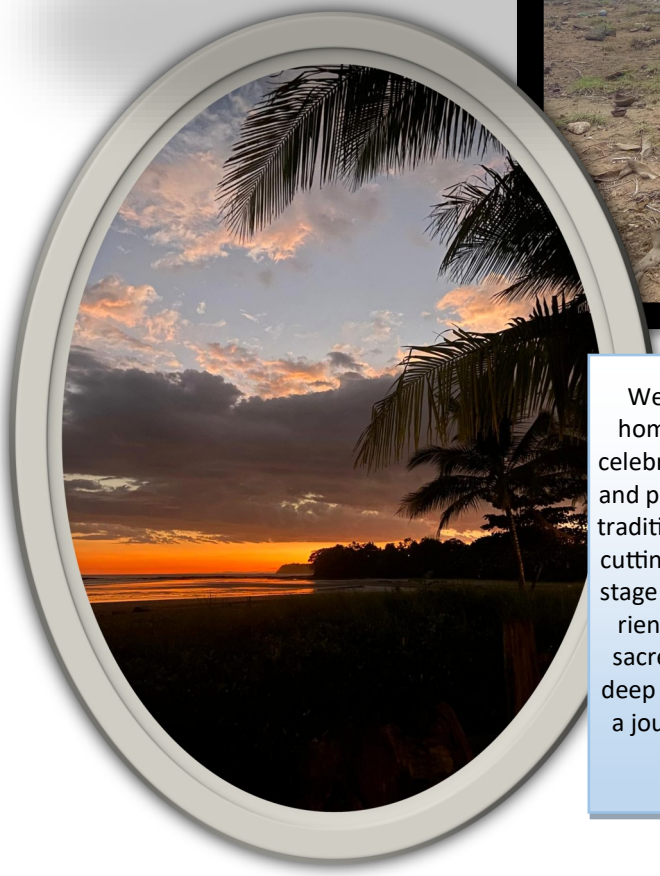


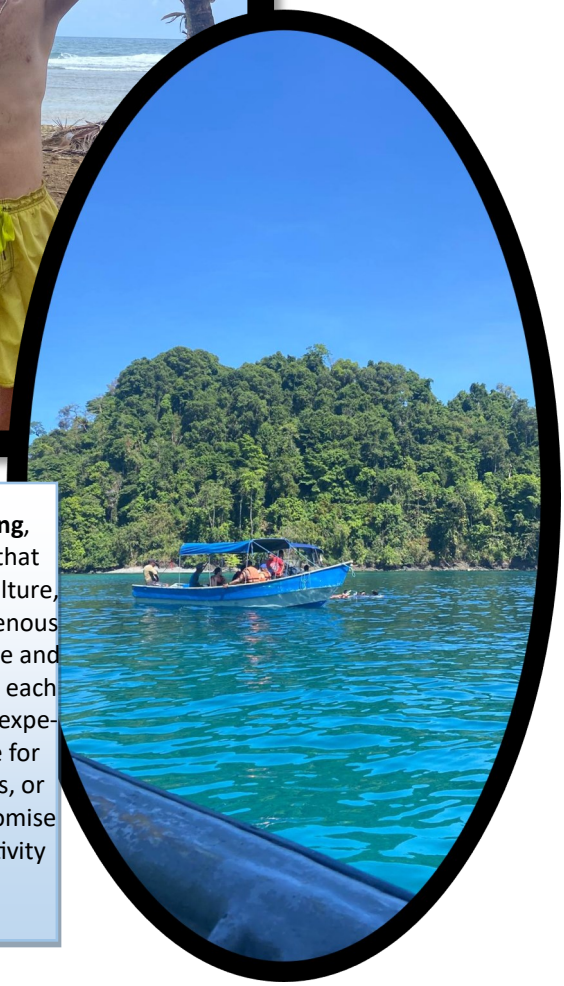
This former golf course had been re purposed as a 'Sculpture Park' but we were not impressed

No reason for this photo other than I still had this half-used tin and realized its likes will never be seen in the shops again. A remnant from the past

Peachy went with DP to Tribal Gathering festival this year and as a surprise Beau turned up too

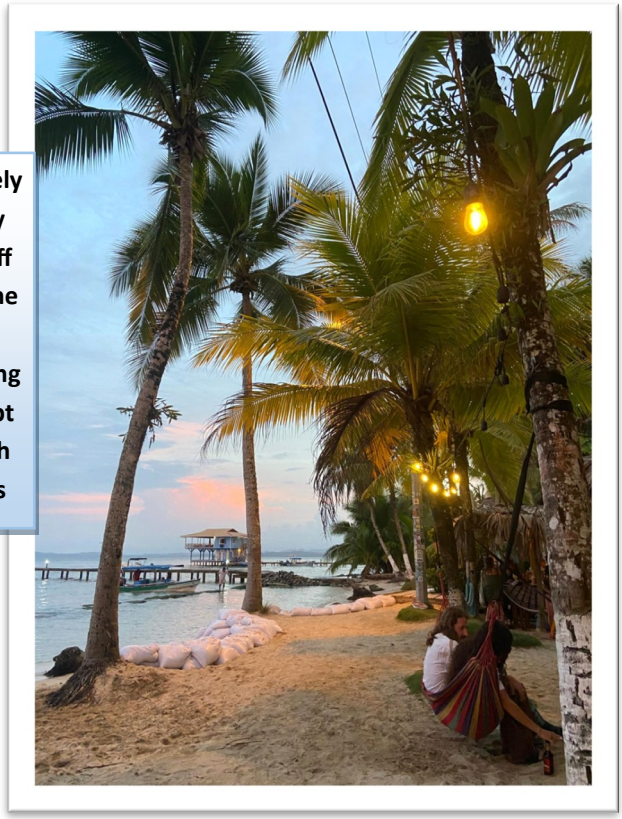
TRIBAL GATHERING 2025 SHOWS

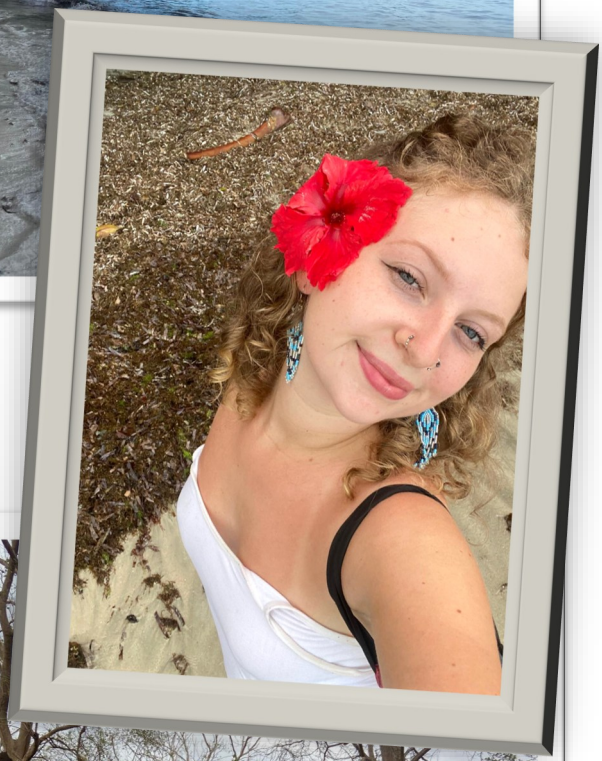




Welcome to **Tribal Gathering**, home to five unique stages that celebrate a world of music, culture, and performance. From indigenous traditions to 24-hour psytrance and cutting-edge electronic beats, each stage offers an unforgettable experience. Whether you're here for sacred rhythms, global artists, or deep basslines, our stages promise a journey of sound and creativity like no other.

Our lovely Peachy went off after The Tribal Gathering and kept in touch with us



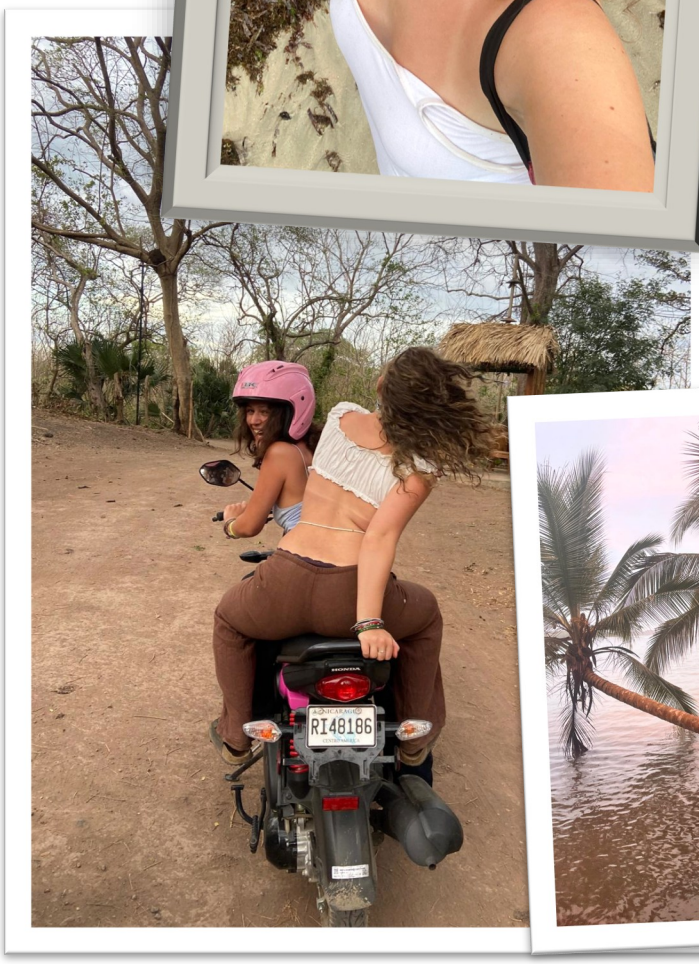


We started off in Bocas Del Toro in Panamá which is a group of tropical islands which was amazing- we stayed there for about a week!

Then we crossed over the border into Costa Rica and we started in a cute surf town called Peurto Viejo, was so nice but far too expensive so we decided to leave Costa Rica asap as we couldn't afford to stay any longer!!

We then crossed over into Nicaragua, which is where we are now and we are staying on an island called Ometepe - which is in the middle of a huge lake and has two big volcanoes on it! It's so beautiful here I'm having the best time!

Will try and call over the next few days my phone doesn't work here so makes contacting people rather tricky



A regular walk that Lynn and I enjoy is along The River Lee Navigation in Hertford and our 'fish and chips' is always a welcome break

Lots of frogspawn this year with two big frogs sitting on top of them

The garden lawn area is a total mass of moss this year so Lynn and I have been busy scarifying it in readiness for reseeding

Photo History

252	Jo KLEY	Female	VW80-84	45:43
253	Raquel HERNANDEZ CORRAL	Female	VW60-64	45:44
254	An SUTTHOFF	Female	VW55-59	47:36
255	Martin JANU	Male	VM70-74	PB 48:28
256	Unknown			
257	Max MUKERJEE	Male	JM11-14	50:19
258	Nina BALLAH	Female	VW50-54	50:20
259	Ralph KLEY	Male	VM80-84	58:06
260	Lesley JORDAN	Female	VW75-79	58:08

This Saturday Park Run was Lynn's 64th and my 50th. She beat me by 13 minutes and approx. 260 took part

Ralph KLEY (A8218817)

50

51 parkruns total

51 parkruns at Grovelands

Visit Grovelands results page
View summary stats for this parkrunner
Most recent age category was VM80-84

Summary Stats at Grovelands

	Fastest	Average (mean)	Slowest
Time	52:24	55:29	59:12
Age Grading	40.11%	37.34%	34.68%
Overall Position	123	211.02	326
Gender Pos	79	125.14	180

This is my view (from the back). Lynn is already ahead of me and if you look carefully you can see the leaders already well in the distance

It has become our great Saturday tradition : Meeting Cristina and Jose and Lynn for a coffee locally.

Larnie was very brave for her reversal operation in mid March 2025. She was in The RFH for the best part of a week and even managed the stairs unaided before coming home

Dinner at Marions is always a wonderful gathering of different folk. How she manages to cater for 11 people in the confined space never ceases to amaze us all

Lynn and I have a morning 'ritual'. When I come back from my early swim and Lynn comes back from her park run, we have coffee and toast on the small yellow table in a pool of sunshine (when 'available') and watch the fish and frogs in our pond. Simple pleasures..

Our happy frogs with frogs spawn

As the whips and saplings are starting to sprout with the on-coming better weather, we can't plant and more this year so we planted these last hazel whips in the pre-marked field

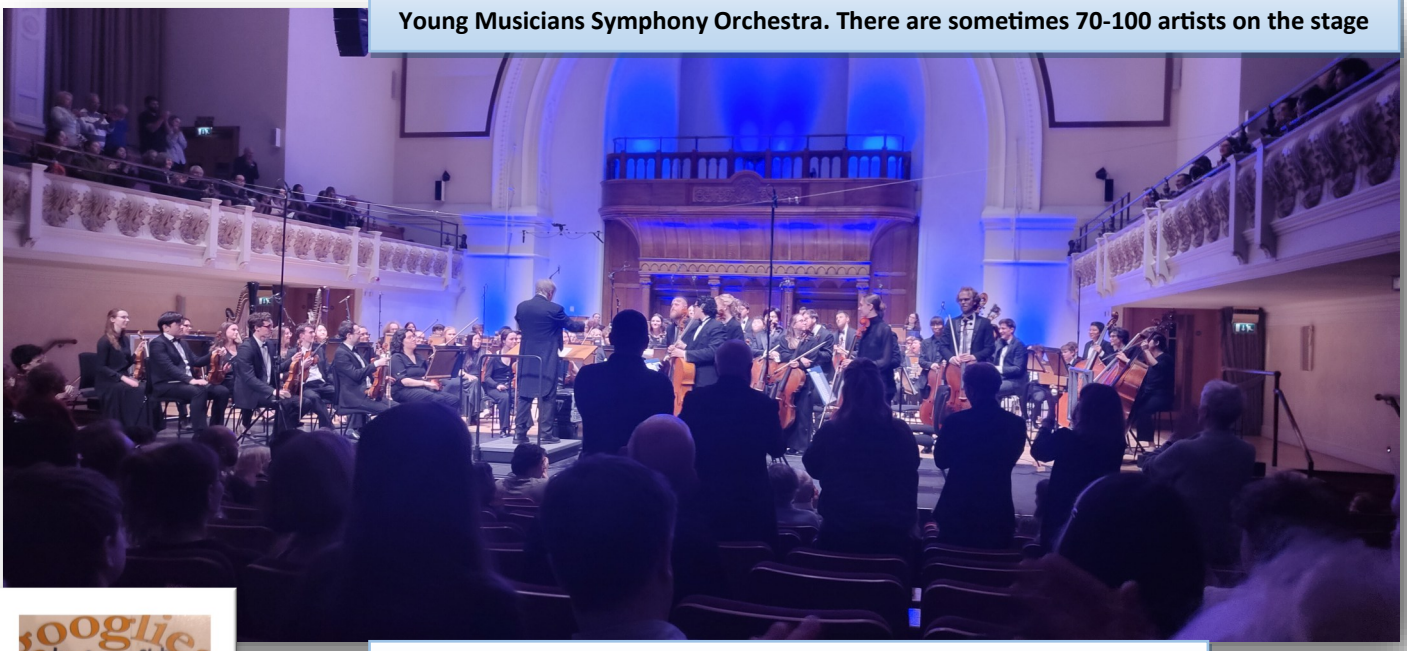
The pre-planting briefing in the barn

James shows where the marker posts were already in place

Lily, as always, working hard

I really hope that these newly plated hazels will eventually be coppiced and fill this field at New End Farm as the M25 noise alongside the field was totally horrible

This is Cadogan Hall in Chelsea where a crowd of us go approx. every two months. Judy gets a bulk batch of tickets at a very reduced price and we marvel at the talent of the Young Musicians Symphony Orchestra. There are sometimes 70-100 artists on the stage



...and a very different style of music. Julian Stringle and Pete Neighbour in a really great night at Googlies Jazz Club with Ivor, Jeff and Steve

Our friend Lynn was also there and was a runner-up in the quiz

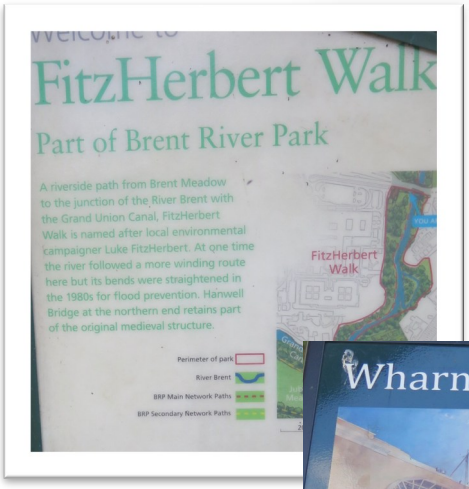
Another interesting walk around an area I did not know..Hanwell and Ealing in March 2025

Whoops, sorry...how did that one get in here??

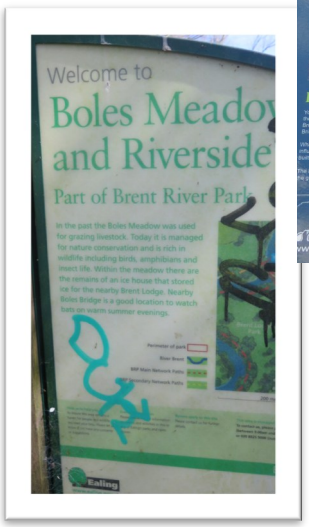
I liked this interesting façade from the local parade of shops. Guess we will never see attention to detail like this in retail facades any more

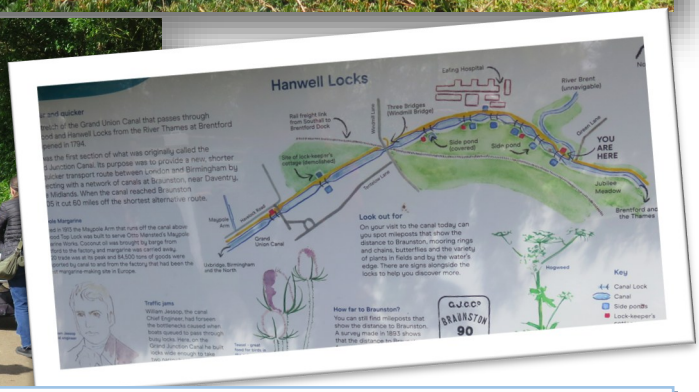
Pear Tree
Park

PERIVALE PARK
Cafe/Civil Facilities and
Formale Athletics track
497m

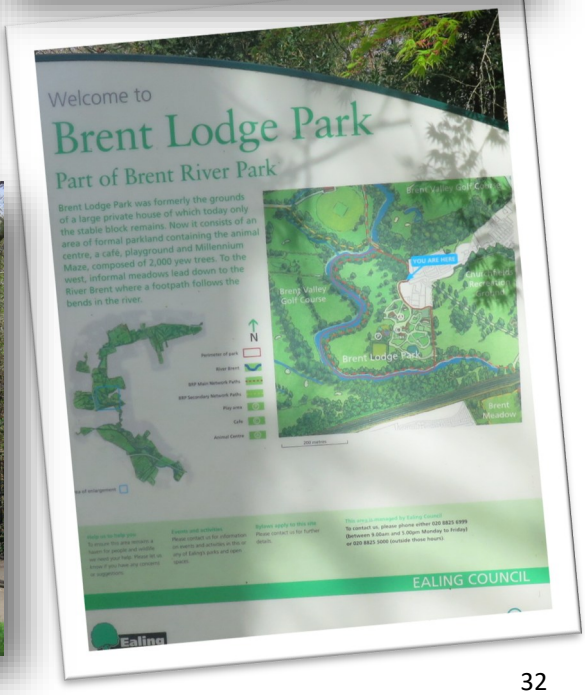

FitzHerbert Walk
Part of Brent River Park
A riverside path from Brent Meadow to the junction of the River Brent with the Grand Union Canal, FitzHerbert Walk is named after local environmental campaigner Luke FitzHerbert. At one time the river followed a more winding route here but its bends were straightened in the 1980s for flood prevention. Hanwell Bridge at the northern end retains part of the original medieval structure.
FitzHerbert Walk
Perimeter of park
River Brent
BRP Main Network Paths
BRP Secondary Network Paths

Wharncliffe Viaduct and Brunel
Do look up!
Ealing
www.ealing.gov.uk


Welcome to
Boles Meadow
and Riverside
Part of Brent River Park
Ealing



The stretch of the Grand Union Canal passing through Richmond and Hanwell Locks from the river Thames at Brentford



Felling of ancient oak tree in Enfield sparks Met Police probe

The cutting down of the tree in a park in Enfield has been described by locals as "devastating".

Yet another 'Photo History' completed. I so enjoy putting them together and adding photos from both camera and phone. I add my comments and musings as well which may reflect my moods and local 'happenings' as well as world wide events. I sometimes take a random volume of the shelf and Lynn and I look a them and marvel at how much we have forgotten. I hope that they will be enjoyed by family and others when we are no longer around...but if not, these may be a great source of bonfire fuel.

A few days ago a local 'speculating' farmer closed off a much used footpath at the end of Tammy's road in order to allow his planning application for housing on Green Belt to be more attractive. The same week Toby Inns felled a 500 year old oak in the public car park they lease. These are just two of the illustrations of what I abhor. Total disregard for local feeling and that

Probably wouldn't be a 'usual' Photo History, if it didn't end with one of my many moans...but remember...I am the original 'grumpy' old man